

1609/3679.
BRITISH WORTHIES:

O R,

CHARACTERS of the AGE.

A

PANEGYRICO-SATIRICAL

P O E M.

*Turn Ages o'er,
When wanted Britain bright Examples more?
Her Genius, and her Learning too decays,
And dark and cold are her declining Days.*

YOUNG.

L O N D O N:

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BRITISH WORKSHOPS

O. R.

CHARACTERS OF THE A. C. C.

1609/3679

PAVING CO. S. A. T. F. C.

P. O. M.



BRITISH WORTHIES:

O R,

CHARACTERS of the AGE.

OF the feats of brave *Britons*, their politic measures,
Their victories, armies, their fleets and their treasures,

I sing---O thou muse that sage *Morgan* inspired,
With dogrel call'd verse, that was so much admired,
Whate'er be thy name, and where'er be thy station;
Assist me to celebrate this happy nation!

What a train of brave heroes in order appear!
Ye *Edwards* and *Henries* fall back in the rear!
No longer of *Cressi* or *Poictiers* we boast,
Or *Agincourt*, where a few conquer'd an host.

Of the blooming young heroes, what first shall we say,
Who won at C-----n tho' he lost at T-----y,
Who bravely has ventur'd to cross the seas over,
To save H---nb---n and much lov'd H---n---r?
O never again may he found a retreat,
So often b'ing beaten, may he now learn to beat!

But

But wishes are vain, for his warlike intention,
 Our wise ones at home have destroy'd by *convention*;
 Soon made and soon broke, which too plainly evinces
 The truth of the maxim, "*put no trust in princes.*"

O *Fred'rick*, O hero, philosopher, sage!
 The terror and wonder of this leaden age,
 For what art thou fighting? May fortune befriend thee,
 And souls not so fickle as *Britons* defend thee!
 Trust to thy own valour and not unto those,
 Who are impotent friends and contemptible foes.
 By party divided, by factions oppress'd,
 Once the terror of *Europe*, we now are the jest.
 In vain the tall forest has lent us its pride,
 No more o'er the ocean triumphant we ride.
 No more our battalions cast terror around,
 No more *British* banners wave high on *French* ground.
 But sooner or later each kingdom and state,
 The wheel once come round must submit to its fate;
 New empires will rise and new kingdoms be known,
 And that be a desert which now is a town;
 How *Carthage* and *Rome* from their mightiness fell
 By luxury struck, let their own annals tell;
 Old *Egypt*'s proud turrets that tow'rd so high,
 And impiously seem'd to engage with the skie.
 In ruin enormous now lie in the dust,
 For the pride of vain tyrants a punishment just.

Fond of grandpapa's glory, see *Milo* advance!
 How unlike grandpapa?---he will ne'er conquer *France*.
 In camps far from foes, when sham battles appear,
 His mighty soul scorns to acknowledge a fear;
 See my friends, he cries out, what my soldiers perform,
 Yet I smile in the tumult and govern the storm.
 Yet best lov'd of *Isis*, old *E---r*'s sons
 Renown'd for your learning, your rag plots and puns,
 Who venal, submissive, kiss slavery's rod,
 And worship your *Milo* much more than your God;
 Who



Who the muses' old seat, erst of worth the resort,
 Now the den of informers, have sold to a court,
 Why so long are ye silent? Come chaunt out your lays,
 Tho' your patron wants merit, why should he want
 praise?

Lord bless me! what's here? all besmear'd with Scotch
 gore,

J--bn--y C---pe but appears and rebellion's no more;
 Now tremble ye *Gens d' Armes*, old *Louis's* pride,
 For tho' he wont fight, in good faith he will ride.
 And thou by what title foe'er thou art known
 Chevalier, or pretender to brave *Brunswick's* throne,
 With awe reverential thy victor behold,
 Nor dare to engage with a chieftain so bold.

But muse over *B--d--ck* a tear thou must shed,
 A tribute humanity owes to the dead.
 O why wouldst thou mix in *American* strife?
 Or why for thy country, surrender thy life?
 Not so brave *D-----r* when the enemy came,
 His carcass he sav'd tho' he sullied his fame.
 'Twas prudently done, for what wise man would stay
 To be murder'd and scalp'd when he might run away?
 The *Caledon* chief, to recover lost places,
 And scourge the fierce *Indians* for all our disgraces,
 Sent over commission'd; returns home inglorious.
 Who ne'er sees the enemy can't be victorious.

See *M---t* return'd from the grape-bearing *A---*,
 With infamy cover'd not loaded with praise.
 With what rage he set out from the *Island of Wight*,
 And *Britons* believed he intended to fight;
 But he meant no such thing, for alas! *coup de main*,
 Once render'd abortive, the project was vain.
 Acquitted with honour---it can't be denied---
 Yet remember brave foldier, by whom thou wert tried.

That

That *par pari gaudet*, old laws often tell us,
'Quit me, I'll quit you, we are all gallant fellows.

Unfortunate, ill-starr'd half-innocent *B---g*,
Why didst thou not purchase a star and a string?
They perhaps, might have help'd thee, for freedom's
best friend,
By trying to save thee, but hasten'd thy end.

Of heroes by land, we can't close up the list,
Without singing *F---* from his office dismiss.
'Twas - - - done, for why should not they,
Who sold *F--e M--n*, give *G---r* away?

Ye shades of brave *Ruffel*, wreckt *Shovel* and *Drake*,
Lamented, lov'd, *Balchen* and old *English Blake*,
From death's balmy slumbers one moment awake :
Survey your successors, whose prowess and might,
Conspicuous appear in each terrible fight.

Not *Spain's* proud *Armada* that once brav'd our coast,
A navy so num'rous or gallant could boast,
As *Britain* can now ; and yet such is our fate,
(Tho' troubled is ocean's old god at their weight)
No more the sea swells with the number of dead,
But pacific, at anchor we ride at *Spithead*

When will it be giv'n us again to engage,
And make the foe tremble and shrink at our rage?
O when fraught with vengeance, on *Gallia's* proud shore,
Shall our bursting bombs pour, and dread cannons roar,
'Till their towns close-beleagur'd, encircled with fire,
Like *Ilion* of old, to the skies shall aspire?

But ah ! well-a-day ! our sad loss we deplore,
Our hero, our *M---n*, alas ! is more.
Britania pale weeping, laments o'er the dead,
And thinks that with *him* all her valour is fled :

Yet

Yet cease thy fond tear, wipe thy cheeks free from stains,
 Remember dear goddess, a *P--t* remains;
 He thy chieftain's sad loss can with glory supply,
 Like *him* proud to conquer, or fearless to die.
 So *Atlas* the porter, if fables say true,
 A while from his labour reluctant withdrew,
 While *Jove's* potent son does the heavens sustain,
 Unconquer'd by pleasure, superior to pain.
 Fair liberty's favourite, now rests in peace,
 His battles, his toils and his victories cease:
 No more *Carthagena* his thunders shall hear;
 No more *Porto Bello* in ruins appear.
 His country's avenger, protector and guard,
 (O *honest N--le!* say what his reward.)
 No tool to a faction, no base statesman's slave,
 In *Elysium* now dwells,---(the reward of the brave)
 Conversing with *Cornewall*, who smiling at death,
 To save *Britain's* honour, surrender'd his breath.
 All-hail gallant pair! may your actions inspire,
 Each *English* commander with similar fire!

Degenerate *Britons*, remember *T--l--n*,
 False *L--st--k's* excuses: remember *M--b--n*.
 For shame once more rise, your old courage exert,
 Brace strong ev'ry nerve, re-assure each heart;
 Your much-injur'd country's sold honour restore,
 Return home victorious, or see her no more.
 Oh! once more awake! least for ever you sleep,
 And o'er her lost *Albion* sad liberty weep,
 Of *Spain* and of *Gaul*, the much-long-hop'd for prey,
 And traitors intestine more dreadful than they.

Like his ancestors, hardy, rough, daring and bold,
 And fierce as a lion attacking a fold,
 Lo! *H--e* fraught with vengeance, sets out for the bay,
 Does nothing---returns home---and asks for his pay.
 If poverty, gods! will compell ev'ry *Wight*,
 Tho' not for his country, for riches to fight,
 And

And riches obtain'd, they desert the great field,
Take their wealth but away---they'll soon take up the
shield.

Old *Horace* observ'd it-- examples in view--
Near two thousand years past prove the tenet is true.

But see the *West-Indian Cornuto* appear!
Whose brows are so lavishly deckt by *G--re*,
Who the fam'd country orator dar'd to oppose,
And thought rum and sugar to lead by the nose:
Canst thou, antient *salior*, decline the great strite?
Or he fear a cannon, who conquer'd a wife?

Contemning disgrace and quite callous to shame,
No more *British Flaccus*, does great love of fame
To actions immortal our worthies inspire;
To dress and play deep is their only desire,
Or else in the f--te to sell v-t-s for hire. }

With *P-r-ge* contented, l-d *Accapult* sleeps,
Resolving again ne'er to traverse the deeps;
With riches immense and a noble wife bless'd,
Howe, *Lockart*, or *Gilchrist* may take all the rest;
Or *Watson* and *Pococke*, unconscious of fear,
With *Clive* all the laurels of *India* may wear.

But ha! why this halt? muse, dost thou too retreat?
Our catalogue yet is by no means complete
I forgot thou'rt a female---all women will range,
And their subjects as oft as their furbelows change.
Now thy breath is restor'd, tell me whom shall we sing?
Old *John* who delights in his bottle and king.
Always trusty and firm, in or out of a place,
His virtue and liquor appear in his face.
Of sense and good humour possess'd at threescore,
Much prais'd for his learning, his honesty more;
Supplanted by idiots, no longer he guides
The frail bark of *Britain* thro' faction's rough tides,

But

But calmly gives place to each ignorant stranger,
Yet unask'd lends his help, when the ship is in danger.

Posterity hear me! the truth I declare,
A courtier untainted at length does appear.
Nay think not I fable---nor make me your mirth;
Homer's thunderer often hath visited earth.
Each freethinker sage now confesses he knows it,
Tho' he laughs at the gospel, he credits the poet.

Half foolish, half wise, half patriot, half knave,
A blund'rer from youth, to the verge of thy grave,
Too weak to command, and too proud to obey,
Why wilt thou old *Marplot* act still in the play?
To the heights of ambition no longer aspire,
Take friendly advice to sweet --- retire,
There safely repose, free from envy or hate,
Discharge thy *French* cooks disengage thy estate,
When that thou canst do, undertake *Britain's* fate. }

And thou on a common, great commoner bred,
With a bosom corrupt, and a deep schemeing head,
With plans fraught with ruin, no longer oppress us,
But thy patron disgrac'd, soon retire and bless us.
Thy absence perhaps may save *England* from ruin,
And what more thou valuest, save thee from undoing.
So robb'd of its poultry, a whole country round,
If chance the fox hear the dread cry of the hound,
Unsated with rapine, he seeks the safe seat
Where his fire less daring enjoys his retreat.

With eyes supercilious, and haughty address,
Let *Lycurgus* his av'rice and riches confess,
The scales of blind justice, contented to hold,
Impartial and upright, till byas'd by gold.

O *Plutus* accurst! how mad mortals adore thee!
Truth, virtue and honour all vanish before thee.

B

Let

Let thy vot'ries obtain, but their wishes for life,
 They'll sell a fair daughter, or lend out a wife;
 A father would murder, a brother would slay :
 More fierce than a tyger pursuing his prey.
 Yet *Vengeance* slow footed, attends the base train,
 And hollow-ey'd *Care's* the reward of their pain.
 Sweet peace ne'er will comfort, nor *Morpheus* will spread
 His sleep-bearing wings, o'er the miser's curst head;
 His gold is his god: he must fear, that still craves;
 Give me freedom, ye heavens! keep riches for slaves.

Sure *Tantalus'* fate, O *Lycurgus*, is thine,
 Thou enjoyst not the ore, tho' thou dig'st in the mine.
 Yet fate soon must part thee from all thy lov'd wealth,
 (Snatch'd boldly by rapine, or pilfer'd by stealth.)
 The sun that to night sets, to-morrow will rise,
 Black vapours dispel, and illumine the skies.
 Yet man, trembling man, when he yields up his breath,
 No more can return from the regions of death.
 In spite of chican'ry, thou shortly must tread,
 The gloom dread paths, where thy *M---*d led.

Kind nature in *P--* hath an active soul wrought,
 Hath giv'n him persuasion, and power of thought;
 Inflexible, upright, and true to his trust,
 To his king and his country he dares to be just.
 Long may'st thou great orator, plead *Britain's* cause,
 Revive her lost honour, and claim our applause!
 When for ever thou sleep'st, on thy tomb be engrav'd,
 " The rights *F----* attacked, here lies *P----* who has
 fav'd."

Of manners engaging, and virtue possess'd,
 And each joy domestic, that renders man blest;
 Why *L--* wilt thou toil in the dirt of a *C--t*,
 And leave thy retreat, where the graces resort?
 Thy well-chosen friends, why again dost thou quit,
 And for politics, change decent mirth, and true wit?

My

*My country demands me, oppress'd with all harms,
By factions at home, and by foreign alarms.
Is that thy excuse? now thy prudence be shown,
Protect thy dear country, guard well G---ge's throne.
With what joy, shall we hear, by thy virtue inspir'd,
That Britain has conquer'd, and France has expir'd?*

Hey day! what our blund'ring *Hibernian* scribe,
Who wiser would seem than the rest of his tribe,
E'er thou to an Office have any pretence,
First know thy own meaning and write common sense.
Our thoughts to communicate, letters were giv'n;
How cam'st thou to miss the kind blessing of heav'n?

Yes, truly, 'twas prudent to call out to order,
When once charg'd so home, by N---e's R---r,
Old friends are in danger; be old friends forgot,
Is a rule never varied by time-serving ----.

The half-mule and half-man, muse, we must not neglect,
For no services done, he much gain does expect.
Fool, ----- coward, if fate does not alter,
Thou'll here be rewarded with gibbet and halter.

From *H---gl---y's* gay bowers, where *L---cy* has
stray'd,
Where the graces have danc'd, and the muses have
plaid,
Where beauty and innocence sweeten'd each scene,
And nature delighted, appear'd ever green,
Where mirth, artless plenty and friendship were found,
And happiness shed her choice blessings around,
To court, tuneful *L---n*, do'st thou repair?
And change balmy zephyrs, for stinking town air?
Alas, thy lost *L---cy* kind bards must bemoan,
Sigh back thy deep sighs, and re-echo each groan:

While

While thy angel remain'd, the gay minutes did move,
Richly-fraught with content, smiling peace and fond
love,

Thy angel ascended, a desert appears
Where *H-gl-y* once rose, a drear vally of tears.
With strains not so moving, did *Petrarch* adorn
His darling's, his *Laura's*, his mistress's urn.
Nor *Orpheus* a tale more distressful could tell,
When he mov'd by his art the grim power of Hell.
Gentle nymphs, yet unborn, thy complaint shall re-
hearse,
And *L--cy* for ever survive in thy verse.

Ah stay thy rash hand--Let thy lyre unstrung,
Not yet in the temple of Virtue be hung.
Each muse again courts thee, with soft-soothing prayer,
Give places to slaves--to *Parnassus* repair.

Hail *C--rf--d!* hail! on whose reverend head
His garland of snow, father *Chronos* has shed.
Great patron of science, the noble defence
Of *Britain*, of virtue, of learning, and sense,
Tho' now, half immortal on life's verge you stand,
And the chariot of fire, attends your command,
At the last close of all, to your country be kind,
And mounting to Heav'n, leave your mantle behind.

What's life when enjoyment is gone? a dull feast,
From which, fated, rises each languishing guest.
Who'd wish for long life, when all evils await
On helpless old age, that most mis'able state?
The wisest of monarchs, three hundred years past,
Call'd out for kind death to relieve him at last.
When he saw his brave son on the funeral pyre,
His manly beard burning, surrounded by fire,
Tell, tell me my friends--O say, what was the crime,
That curs'd my old age to see this dreadful time?

O uncle, most humane! thou art not forgot,
 Still in memory lives thy *American* plot,
 Tho' thy wealth may protect thee from punishment *here*,
 Yet the cries of robb'd orphans just Heav'n will hear.
 A time there will come, at the dread judgment seat,
 All the crimes of thy life, when thyself must repeat.
 In vain wouldst thou 'scape from that all searching eye
 Which the secrets of mortals at once can descry.
 Then repent ere too late---reinstate the wrong'd heir,
 And make peace with Heaven, by fasting and prayer.

A government! take it. But if thou succeed,
 And please honest - - - 'tis a wonder indeed.
 Much better abroad, for at home there's no place,
 In times full of danger, that's fit for your g--ce,
 But yet of extremities, prithee, beware,
 Tho' *B--le* is a turncoat, yet still there's *K--ld--e*,
 No offers can win him, in him there no trust is,
 He's no friend to a c--t, who loves freedom and justice.
 If your schemes he opposes, retire apace,
 Left worse you come off than at *L--hf--d's* fam'd race.

To push things too far, will but raise a damn'd riot,
 Return home, rack tenants and sit down in quiet;
 Contented your grandeur, and wealth has been shewn,
 And your talent for government fully made known.

Horse-racer, cock-fighter, goose-driver and p--r.
 (Or what other title thou pleasest to hear,)
 To leave thee unsung, would be reckon'd a shame,
 While each groom, in each stable, they feats does pro-
 claim.

Your betting, and riding *N--wm--t* can tell,
 And *A--r* affirms that you throw a die well.
 In arts bless'd as these, to improve for the future,
 All our young *British* worthies, may you be their tutor!

The

The craving old *Hunks*, who to add to his heap,
 Denied himself food, nor allow'd himself sleep,
 Possess'd of three plumbs, yet still pining for four,
 Now sickens, now dies and is wretched no more.
 My father, how does he? can scarce breath or stir.
 Do you think he'll recover? impossible, sir.
 How long can he live? but an hour or two.
 Put him out of his pain then, my dear doctor, do.
 Man is born but to die---We must all yield to fate--
 Tho' my father is damn'd, I have got his estate.
 Good doctor, to-morrow your care I'll requite,
 For a fine *bona roba* I sup with to night.

Is this, th' omnipotence mighty of gold?
 Is this all the meed, for our happiness fold?
 O *L---r*, much better hadst thou fed the poor,
 And reliev'd the afflicted from out of thy store,
 Then over thy bier, had each grateful eye wept,
 And peace bless'd the tomb, where thy ashes had slept,
 Now, thy riches obtain'd with such trouble and care,
 Are lavishly squander'd away by thy heir,
 By him are employ'd in the service of vice,
 For whores, masquerades, horses, fidlers and dice.

What, muse, art thou gone? am I left in the lurch?
 With our *worthies*, not mention the sons of the church?
 'Tis true *Butler*, *Benson*, and *Berkeley* are dead,
 And well-natur'd *Herring* to Heav'n is fled:
 Yet *S---ck--r*, and *S--rl--ck* on earth still remain,
 And worthy old *H---l---s* is religious and plain,
 O thou, whose philanthropy ne'er was confin'd,
 But beams like the sun upon all human-kind,
 Forgive the low muse: fond thy virtues to praise,
 That a poor wreath of ivy, would add to thy bays!'

What

What a few have we sung, and yet thousands remain,

But hark! the muse answers, " I'm not in the vein. "

" Write as fast as we will still new *worthies* arise,

" The task is eternal--desist and be wise. "

Here our strains then we'll close, here our labour shall
cease,

And thou and the poet shall both sleep in peace.

F I N I S.

What a day have we had and how much to
B. I have the manuscript "I'm in the vein."
The 22nd of the 23rd will kill a man and
I hope to see it in the next issue.
I have on hand some of the best of our labor. I'll
send it to you and the post will keep it for you.

